

Agricultural.

T. H. HOSKINS, Newport, Vt., Editor.

FLOWING THE CORN.

As I went out to plow the corn
Of the field beside the mill,
In the tender light of the early morn,
My heart was calm and still;
And the sheep, with fleeces wet with dew
Were dragging up the hill.
As I went home at the shut of day,
In the window of a mill
There hung moorland Muriel May
Like a lay over the sill;
And when again I plowed the corn
My heart was not so still. —Alice Cary.

The New England Agricultural Society's President.

The editor of the *Vermont Watchman* is a friend of Professor Collier, the agricultural chemist, who has been riding a sorghum hobby horse through the department at Washington for the past few years, and, of course, an enemy to Hon. George B. Loring, the commissioner, who turned Collier out of office and put another man in his place, which is none of our particular business. But it is our business, and every other New England man's, when the *Watchman* vents its spite upon Dr. Loring by denouncing the New England Agricultural Society, of which he is president, as a ring of the Doctor's retainers, organized and run to further his selfish ends, because the charge is false. This society has been in the field twenty years, and it is safe to say that it has done more towards elevating the standard of New England agriculture than any other society or association that ever existed. Its exhibitions have, without exception, commanded the countenance and support of the most intelligent and progressive farmers, and have not only done a great work in the dissemination of useful knowledge in regard to animals and crops, but have given the farmer and his profession a standing in the community which they never enjoyed before. A large share of the improvement in cattle, horses, sheep, swine and poultry, and in fruits, grains and vegetables which have marked the last decade, are due to the New England Society, of which Dr. Loring has been the efficient and popular head. As for him he has given his time, money and influence to advance its interests and has neither asked nor received any return other than the satisfaction he has got in seeing it accomplish the purpose for which it was designed, and the *Watchman's* attack upon him is one which every farmer, stockbreeder and gardener ought to resent. —*Mirror and Farmer.*

It is an old and good rule to be sure of your facts before you impute motives, and even then it is not always safe. The agricultural editor of *THE WATCHMAN* is a friend of Professor Collier, just as the whole farming community of Vermont are his friends. So far the editor of the *Mirror and Farmer* is correct. But we are not his personal or intimate friend, our acquaintance with him being limited to two winter's service with him on the board of agriculture. We served a much longer time than that as an associate of Dr. Loring, being a trustee of the New England society four or five years, and we knew the Doctor slightly years before that, during the war, when we were one of the editors of the *Boston Daily Courier* and Dr. Loring, then a staving "copperhead," was an occasional visitant at the *Courier's* sanctum. So far as acquaintance is concerned, if that had anything to do with our editorial judgment, Dr. Loring has the advantage.

But the fact is, Mr. Editor of the *Mirror and Farmer*, that all we have lately said about the mismanagement of the New England society had been said in these columns long before Dr. Collier was dismissed, or even appointed, and therefore before Dr. Loring was made commissioner of agriculture. We began as an ardent friend of the New England society. Our subsequent attitude towards it is due to no personal considerations, but to an intimate knowledge of the facts of the case. It may be that our "attack" (better put in the plural, for we have been "keeping it before the people" for eight or nine years) is one that "every farmer, stockholder and gardener ought to resent," but it will not be in Vermont that they will resent it. On the contrary, they would resent our not speaking out upon a subject that so many are a good deal madder about than we are, because they regard themselves as personal sufferers, which we are not. It is solely in behalf of those who have been exhibitors from this state that we have "attacked" the mismanagement of the New England society. If we had any personal grievances, they would not be ventilated in these columns.

But why, Mr. Clarke, why do you go for us in this matter so fiercely when, in the article to which you refer, we simply copied and commented upon the "verbatim" report of the recent trustees' meeting, which you did not, yourself, see fit to print? Could we say anything worse or more severe of Dr. Loring's society than Mr. B. J. Stone of Westboro, Mass., said when he remarked, with cutting sarcasm, that Dr. Loring had told him "there are no experts," and when he added the bitter jest that, if the society were rightly conducted, "New England need not be behind the little state of Rhode Island in making a great exhibition." And why is it that you also pass by Mr. O. B. Hadwen, another fellow citizen of Dr. Loring, and a resident of Worcester, where the fair has been held for the last few years, who declared with emphasis (what everybody interested in the matter here in Vermont has been saying for years) that "There is a great prejudice working against this society among breeders, because, they say, it is no use to take their cattle to the New England fair, where the whole thing is a farce." A considerable number of Vermont exhibitors have spoken to us about this matter during the past ten years, while others have written to us, and we, being present at four successive fairs—one at Portland, two at Lowell and one at Medford—saw for ourselves that it was just as Mr. Hadwen said. As an agricultural editor, as well as a trustee of the society from

this state, we should have been utterly untrue to our duty had we not "attacked" the management of the fair, and the president who refuses a plain remedy with the supercilious, stupid and false remark that "there are no experts"! This is no personal matter. It was at first an attempt to secure justice. It is now an endeavor to inform the people that it cannot be had, and why. We have reprinted the *Mirror's* article, will it have the fairness to reprint our answer?

Vermont Merino Register.

The large and handsome second volume of the "Register of the Vermont Merino Sheep Breeders' Association," which comes to us in full morocco binding from our old and valued friend, Secretary Chapman, shows that book-making is not a lost art in Vermont. It is from the press of Tuttle & Co. of Rutland, and is every way creditable to them as manufacturers of books. If we were to allow ourselves any criticism, it would be only in regard to the blue tint of the paper. Pure white, or the slight buff of the paper upon which the illustrations are printed, would suit our notion better.

As regards the matter of this volume, there are very few books produced which involve the amount of hard work, care and skill that are evident in its 467 pages. Mr. Chapman is a farmer, and would probably disclaim any literary ambition, or any purpose other than the making of a plain and truthful record of the history of the Merino sheep in America. He has done this admirably, and his plain, straightforward style, with its modest purpose to make truth and accuracy paramount to every other consideration, results in giving his readers a monograph which could hardly be improved as a literary composition, while in its utter sincerity it stands as an unapproached model to the authors of other publications of its class.

The first hundred pages contain, besides the list of officers, constitution, etc., of the society, the biographies and portraits of William Jarvis, David Humphreys, Edwin Hammond, Charles Rich and Tyler Stickney, all eminent as introducers and breeders of Merino sheep, and the last three well-known farmers of Vermont. Then follows a history of the introduction of Merino sheep into the United States, the first volume containing the history of their introduction into Vermont. Mr. Chapman has spent a vast amount of labor upon this, with the view of making it as complete and accurate as possible, and has obtained and here recorded much that would in a short time have perished, or been lost, upon this interesting and important subject. This history is well illustrated with pictures of Merinos commencing at a period before any were imported into the United States, with others that have been bred at intervals down to the present time; and also two of Australian sheep of the Merino strain. Mr. Chapman concludes, after thorough contrast and comparison, that "we are still making progress; that the improvement of Merino sheep is not a lost art; that the young breeders are not only able to hold the improvements effected by their predecessors, but are still making great and substantial improvements in this breed of sheep that will materially enhance their value as wool-bearing animals."

The demand for Vermont Merinos, large when the first volume of the Register was printed, four years ago, has since greatly increased. In 1877 twenty-nine and a half car-loads of these sheep were shipped from one station (Middlebury?); in 1880 twice as many; in 1881, seventy-one car-loads, containing 6,777 sheep were shipped from the same station. Of these 2,284 went to Ohio, 1,728 to Kansas, 1,230 to Michigan, 668 to Texas, 303 to Pennsylvania, 258 to Missouri, 134 to Colorado, 106 to Maine and 56 to Illinois.

At the Paris exhibition, of the three gold medals to Merino wool, two came to Vermont; of the three silver medals, one came to Vermont; and of the nine bronze medals, eight came to Vermont. All of these but three were for wool from flocks recorded in this Register.

The Flock Register occupies 330 pages of the volume. The registered flocks now number 456, and the stock rams 1,164. The work is completed with a full index of flocks, of stock rams and a general index. For further information the reader may address Albert Chapman, Secretary Vermont Sheep Breeders' Association, Middlebury, Vermont.

The Use of Sand.

Reading in a late number of *THE WATCHMAN* a request by Dr. Hoskins for practical farmers to give their views about the use of sand as an absorbent or fertilizer, I am induced to give my experience. For twenty years I have been in the habit of using from fifty to a hundred loads of sand yearly as an absorbent. I commenced by putting my hogs into an open shed facing the south, without a floor, and keeping them bedded with sand the whole season. The hogs enjoy wallowing in the dirt in warm weather and lying in the sunshine when it is cold, which is better for the hogs than to be kept on a floor in a filthy pen. The sand I use in various ways as a manure. Corn is my favorite crop, and for years I have put a half shovelful of the hog sand into the hill instead of buying commercial fertilizers. I have a meadow of clayey soil. I plow a piece every year, in August, spread on a coat of sand from the manure cellar and seed it to grass, and generally get an abundant crop for a number of years. When I commenced I thought only of using this kind of manure on moist land, but I now use it where I have occasion to plough. Since we have occupied the new

barn we have used the usual quantity of sand in the basement, but it becomes mixed with the manure from the stables. The hogs are under the horses. The cattle have been stabled every night since the fall of 1880. We draw out the manure twice a year and cart in sand under the stables for the liquid manure to filter through. I find that this mixed manure does not act as quick when put into the hill as the hog sand did; it may be stronger and last longer. I have used some commercial fertilizers as an experiment every year and have thought that the home made was the cheapest and the best. But this year where I used guano the corn took the lead in the beginning and bids fair to hold out, but it may not; the harvest will tell. If any one thinks we do not know how to raise good corn and other crops, they can come and look over this valley. E. W. B. MORETOWN, Vt., August 3, 1883.

Nineteenth Session of the American Pomological Society.

The Pennsylvania Horticultural Society having invited the American Pomological Society to hold its next meeting at Philadelphia, the undersigned give notice that the nineteenth session of this national association will be held in that city, commencing Wednesday, September 12th, 1883, at ten o'clock A. M., and continuing for three days. This session will take place at the time of the fifty-fourth annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society, at Horticultural Hall, Broad near Locust street. All horticultural, pomological, agricultural, and other kindred associations in the United States and British Provinces are invited to send delegations as large as they may deem expedient, and all persons interested in the cultivation of fruits are invited to be present and take seats in the convention. It is expected that there will be a full attendance of delegates from all quarters of our country, and that this will be the largest and most useful meeting ever held by the society. Arrangements have been made with hotels and some of the railroads terminating in Philadelphia for a reduction of fare. In most cases it will be best for delegations to arrange for rates with the roads in their localities. A local committee of reception has been appointed, to whom are confided all matters pertaining to the reception and accommodation of the members and delegates of the society. The chairman is Hon. J. E. Mitchell, 310 York avenue, Philadelphia. At the last meeting of the society it was decided in future to encourage general exhibitions of fruits, as well as new varieties or novelties. It is earnestly requested that no duplicates appear in any collection, and that none but choice specimens shall be placed on exhibition. Exhibitors should not fail to give notice as far as possible, at an early date, what room will be needed for their fruits. Six specimens of a variety will be sufficient except in fruits of unusual interest. A limited number of Wilder medals will be awarded to objects of special merit. Packages of fruit should be addressed to Thomas A. Andrews, Horticultural Hall, Broad St., Philadelphia, for the American Pomological Society. Freight and express charges should be prepaid. All persons desirous of becoming members can remit the fee to Benjamin G. Smith, Treasurer, Cambridge, Mass. Life membership, twenty dollars; biennial, four dollars. Life members will be supplied with back numbers of the proceedings of the society as far as possible.

MARSHALL P. WILDER, President, Boston, Mass.
PROF. W. J. BEAL, Secretary, Lansing, Mich.

Something is wrong with the New England agricultural society again. At the trustee meeting, May 15, the notorious abuses in judging cattle were thoroughly discussed, and every charge that *The Homestead* had persistently ventilated was confirmed by the trustees themselves. The progressive element succeeded, in the face of strenuous opposition, from the old ring, in passing a vote that the committees on thoroughbred stock should be reduced to three members each, one of whom should be an expert. It was also voted, in the face of ring opposition, that the names of these committee men should be published in the premium list. O. B. Hadwen of Worcester, Obadiah Brown of Providence and Colonel J. A. Harwood of Littleton, Mass., were authorized to appoint the experts. When the premium list for the coming fair was published, five weeks ago, the names of the committees on blooded stock were not printed. They do not appear in a later edition of the premium list. Under date of July 24, Secretary Needham informed us that the committees had not yet been appointed. Up to July 30, Chairman Hadwen had not even called a meeting of his two associates to appoint these judges. Meanwhile breeders who had intended to exhibit stock are impatient at this delay in the announcement of the judges. Inasmuch as entries for live stock close August 15, they know that it is too late for proper judges to be secured in season to be announced before that date. This suspicious and inexcusable circumstance, has induced several breeders (among them the owner of one of the finest Jersey herds in Connecticut), to give up all idea of exhibiting their stock. We had hoped that the approaching fair might be conducted in a satisfactory manner, but what is to be expected when the officers deliberately thwart the instructions of the trustees? —*The Homestead.*

The new chemist of the department of agriculture starts out under a cloud. Professor A. J. Cook, Michigan Agricultural college, writes: "It was Dr. Collier's successor, Professor Wiley, lately appointed chemist to the Bureau of Agriculture at Washington, who, in an elaborate article on glucose a year or two ago, gave voice to the absurd statement that comb honey had been wrought by man, using glucose as the sweet filling. The article did much mischief; the more so it was widely published in the press of the country. When criticised by the *Bee Journal* for writing such nonsense, the professor said it was all a joke! To ordinary readers it seemed a very sober joke, and to bee-keepers a very mischievous one."

We notice that while the once favorite pea-beans are now quoted in Boston at \$2.20 to \$2.50 per bushel, the improved yellow eye beans are \$3.75 to \$3.80. The fashion changes, even in beans.

The Fireside.

A BALLAD OF THE SEA.

I have ships that went to sea
More than forty years ago;
They have never come back to me,
They go sailing to and fro;
They come to me in my sleep,
Sailing through the stormy deep,
With tattered sails and battered hulls,
While around them scream the gulls,
Flying low, flying low!

Every sailor in the port
Knows that I have ships at sea,
Made of winds and waves the sport,
And the sailors pity me;
They come to me in their talk,
To console me with their talk,
Saying: "You will live the day to sea,
Your proud ships come back from sea,
One and all, one and all!"

Though I live a thousand years,
They will never come back to me;
But in spite of hopes and fears,
They'll go sailing o'er the sea,
And my love who sailed away,
She will never come back to me;
But forever and a day,
She'll go sailing o'er the sea,
Evenmore, evenmore!

—Selected.

Traveling Manners.

The *Christian Register* says few are the travelers to whom a word of suggestion in regard to thoughtfulness for others is superfluous. The wisest and the calmest are apt to think only of the proverbially selfish "Number One," when caught in the hurry and the crowd of a railway depot. Yet there are not many places where a little unselfish consideration goes farther than in traveling. If the seniors of a party are of a monopolizing spirit, the young ones are sure to be grasping and greedy. The difference between well-bred and ill-bred people is less conspicuous in a drawing-room than on a railroad train.

There are two ways of behaving when on a journey, whether long or short,—one in accordance with the Golden Rule and the other in opposition to it. The loyal subjects of this ideal rule walk decently and in order to the train. There is no pushing and crowding for first places and shady sides. If by chance they are among the early comers, and the cool shade of the cars falls by natural right to them, they take possession of such seats with the delight that a benevolent person accepts a windfall of an inheritance, rejoicing in the ability and privilege of giving. He who secures the shady side is glad that it will now be his privilege to resign it to the first weary woman, aged man, or mother with a baby that arrives too late for such a luxury. The Golden Ruleers, if compelled to take the sunny side, do it cheerfully, knowing that some one must sit there, and that the exercise of self-denial is good for old and young. If the journey is to be short, the sun will not hurt them; and if it is to be all day, they will be rewarded by shade in the afternoon! The Golden-Rule papa, if he be addicted to tobacco, (for, alas! some even of the best Golden Ruleers have this weakness), will have smoked his cigar in the solitude and quiet of his own home, and will not, therefore, deny himself the society of his wife for the sake of riding in that vile den whose outside label warns off all tidy persons—"Smoking-car." If he wishes to open windows, he will first inquire as to the desirability of it on the part of his neighbors. If the cinders fly, he will take from his shawl-strap two or three patent cinder-fenders, or, failing those, a handful of shingles, which he will deftly fit into his own and his neighbors' windows, so that fresh air may be admitted without endangering one's eyes by showers of cinders.

The omnipresent and omniprovisioned train-boy does not think much of the Golden Ruleer. His peanuts, prize-candies, half-ripe and twice-high bananas, green apples and pop-corn are ignored. Mrs. Golden Ruleer has provided a proper luncheon, which is eaten at the proper time, decently and in order, with bibs and napkins, followed by damp sponges and towels. Her children are not allowed to eat at all hours like sheep grazing upon a paddock. Neither does she entice other people's children to break laws of health and manners by offering at all times and seasons a "cookey" to the "nice little girl" who sits in front of her, and whose mamma has never allowed her to taste a cookie in her life.

This Golden-Rule family speak in such subdued and pleasant voices that an Englishman, were he present, would vow they couldn't be Americans. But they are not too reserved to give a pleasant smile and a courteous word to the fellow traveling companions, if occasion require, and they always try to be accurate in what they say. There is a great difference in people in this respect. Some give emphatic opinions without any authority behind them. Others carefully avoid expressing an opinion, unless they know. A mother was once traveling with her little one. Unforeseen delay made them late in reaching the breakfast-halt. The little one was hungry. The cars stopped at a way station. Would there be time to get a glass of milk for the baby? Several of the passengers sitting near heard the question, and with deep regret assured her it was quite impossible, although they took no pains to ascertain. A Golden Ruleer among them—a complete stranger, but who afterward proved to be a Harvard professor—quietly left the car, spoke ten words to the conductor, and a moment later returned with a brimming glass of delicious milk, and the words, "Pray accept the glass also," and the train moved on. The assurance from the conductor that there was time enough, saved the baby four hungry hours; and doubtless, the grateful mother still preserves the tencent tumbler as a memorial of the kindly deed.

It is true that, to follow out this old command of considering others, one has to resolve himself sometimes into baggage-master, expressman, general agent, etc., but if one learns to find comfort in that rather than in seeking selfish enjoyment, it will prove to bring the higher pleasure.

We all know the hordes of opponents to the Golden Rule; how they push and jostle at the start; how they fling portmanteaus and bags into every available seat on the pleasantest side of the car, and following after, take each a double seat to him or herself, with the air of utterly ignoring the rest of the world; how they strew the floor with shells and fruit-cakes, and crunch, crunch, on peanuts, till we are ready to wish, like the old woman, that they had been born without teeth; how they fill the car with the babble of their talk; how they feed the children every half hour with indigestion in every form, and then discipline them in public, when sick and hot and cinder-covered, they cry from sheer exhaustion.

It fairly makes one sick in anticipation to think with what tribes of such people one is forced to travel these summer months. But isn't it strange that, seeing the contrast, any one can elect to imitate the latter, when, plainly, the

former both give and receive so much more happiness?

A Mine in the Malakoff Tower.

A formidable mine had been dug and loaded under the Malakoff tower. If General MacMahon had not chanced to discover in the barrack one wire leading from a well-concealed voltaic pile to a large quantity of powder under it, and another connecting it with the powder magazine, the whole victorious force might have been blown into the air after having gained possession of the fort. The wires were cut, but the powder magazine could not be found. Some of the French soldiers were setting fire to the empty gabions which had been thrust into the small windows of the bomb-proof cellar under the tower, in order to barricade it. One of the gabions appeared to be moving. A French officer called out that, if any one was there who could speak French, he might come out without fear. The gabion was pushed through the window, and a very young Russian officer crept out. He was assured that he and any others surrendering as prisoners of war would be well treated. After saying a few words in Russian at the window he was joined by four officers and two hundred common soldiers. They begged through him, to be taken away at once. This request suggested some knowledge of an impending explosion. The young officer was therefore ordered to point out the position of the powder magazine. The lad made no answer. A French subaltern said in a loud voice to the commanding officer that the Russian ought to be shot, if he refused to obey the order given to save so many lives. The youth kept silence, with a haughty glance of indignation at the subaltern, apparently for supposing that he would betray a secret under a threat. The French chief formed a platoon to shoot him and he turned to face his executioners. An old Russian major, who seemed to understand French, ran forward, took the commandant by the hand, drew him to a heap of earth, and pointed downward. The earth was quickly shoveled away, and barrels containing eighty-eight thousand pounds of gunpowder were discovered. A strong French guard was placed over them. The young Russian officer was told to go with the other prisoners. He gave a military salute and kissed the old Russian major's hand. "Do not blame him for showing you the powder," he said in French to the commandant, with a trembling voice and tears in his eyes. "He is my father." —*Temple Bar.*

A Tired Woman's Epitaph.

"Yes," she sighed, "the world is hard, especially to the poor. I often think, that the good people who eulogize work so highly do not know much of over-work." "Quite true," assented Mrs. Sotheman. "Poor Sarah Dempster, yonder, [she pointed to a neighboring tombstone,] was of your opinion; her epitaph, unlike those of most of us, paints her life as it really was. If you never read it, it is worth your while to do so. The tombstone stood in a neglected corner of the church-yard, overgrown with nettles and long grasses, but its inscription was still legible.

"Here lies a poor woman,
Who always was tired,
Who lived in a house
Where help was not hired;
Her last words on earth,
'Dear friends, I am going
Where washing ain't done,
Nor sweeping, nor sewing;
But everything there
Is exact to my wishes,
For where they don't eat
There's no washing up dishes.
I'll be where loud anthems
Will always be ringing.
But, having no voice,
I'll get clear of the singing.
Don't mourn for me now,
Don't mourn for me never,
I'm going to do nothing
Forever and ever.'"

"That may not be poetry, observed Mrs. Sotheman, with unconscious plagiarism, "but it's true. There is nothing much worse than over-work." —*James Payn in Longman's Magazine.*

Duty.

If one were asked what the "duty" is, which more than any other is dinned into the ears of young and old, he would probably not be far from the truth if he replied, "The duty of 'getting on in the world.' In this hurrying life, the humbler virtues are sadly apt to get crowded out of sight; and he is most likely to be regarded as the successful man who pushes and scrambles, and who gets for himself all that he can get. But once in a while it is well to remind ourselves—if we do not always remember it—that there are higher duties than the so-called duty of getting on in the world, and that there is something better than getting the best for ourselves. "Seekest thou great things for thyself?"—it is the message of Jehovah to Baruch, who had been lamenting his own ruined prospects in his ruined country—"seek them not." But thy life will I give unto thee for a prey in all places whither thou goest." Better than all the selfish enterprise and cleverness which men are wont to praise, and which men are apt to strive for, is the quiet spirit which recognizes life as a gift from God, to be used as God directs; and which seeks no great thing for one's self, knowing that what God gives is for each one the best and the greatest of blessings. To do good to others is better than to do good to one's self; and simply and cheerfully to do the will of God is better than either. —*Sunday-School Times.*

Over-Attention to Dress.

Be quiet in dress. In a day's travel on the cars one sees a good many people, and if he is a close observer, will find representatives of all classes of society. There are men and women whose very dress betrays their taste and ambition. They are fond of showy raiment, heavy jewelry and a multitude of trappings. Everything is carefully, and in some cases ostentatiously displayed. As they themselves measure other people by what they have on, they suppose that others will so judge of them; and hence their anxiety to make a public exhibition of their wardrobe. It goes without saying, that whatever may be the pretensions, the wealth, or social position of such persons, they lack true refinement. They are coarse and low in all their feelings, their pleasures, and their aims. The real gentleman and woman, while not careless or indifferent to personal appearance, sets no such store to character. They know that pride, vanity and utter want of virtue may be clothed in purple and fine linen, while the truest, noblest manliness may go in plain homespun. Hence they have learned not to judge by the outward appearance.

EVERY man who rises in any profession must tread a path more or less bedewed by the tears of those he passes on his way. —*Phar Bayne.*

New Advertisements.

THE WONDER

Is becoming universal as to how such an immense safe could be created in Lowell for Hood's SARSAPARILLA. But, my friend, if you could stand behind our counter a week and hear what those who are using it, the reason would appear as clear as the noon-day sun. The real curative power of Hood's SARSAPARILLA demonstrates itself in every case where our directions are faithfully regarded. We would not wish to meet before the people a fractional part of the evidence that is expressed to us every day in this medium by those who have carefully noted (without prejudice) its effects upon the blood and through that upon the whole system, stimulating all the functions of the body to perform the duties nature requires of them. Try a bottle and satisfy yourself.

Cold Hands and Feet.

LOWELL, Feb. 3, 1879. CENTREMAN, C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.—About one year ago my daughter commenced taking your SARSAPARILLA. At that time she had very little appetite, could not sleep long, and her face was badly broken out with a humor. She was low-spirited, troubled with cold hands and feet, her hair seemed to be poor, and she was in a condition which caused us great anxiety. After taking one bottle of your SARSAPARILLA she began to improve, and she now has a good appetite and can take much longer walks. Her humor is nothing compared to her previous condition. She is in better spirits, is not troubled with cold hands and feet as previously. And attribute this to your SARSAPARILLA. She has taken six bottles, and intends to continue its use. I was inclined to suppose that it did it at first. I now have great faith in it as a blood purifier. Very truly yours, No. 264 Broadway, Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Sold by all druggists. Price \$1.00; or six for \$5. Prepared by J. C. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

(Continued from last week.)

How Watch Cases are Made.

In 1875, thirteen men comprised the entire working force used in the manufacture of the *James Bosse's Gold Watch Case*. Now over five hundred are employed, and the number is constantly increasing. The reason of this increase is this: In the *James Bosse's Gold Watch Case* all the metal in sight and subject to wear is solid gold, while the remainder, which only lends strength to the case, is of stronger metal than gold, giving gold where gold is needed, and strong, elastic metal where strength and elasticity are needed, a combination producing a watch case better than solid gold and at ONE-HALF the cost.

Over 200,000 of these cases have been sold, and every jeweler in the country can testify to their quality and merit. LINDSAY, Mich., Dec. 5, 1882. F. W. Marsh, of the *Ironmaster*, bought a *James Bosse's Gold Watch Case* in 1878, and carried it until a short time ago, when I purchased it and sold it to a customer. The case showed no signs of wear, except that natural to any case of this kind, and was safely guaranteed for at least ten years to come. I have the *James Bosse's Gold Watch Case* in my possession, and the parties who bought the first case are carrying the same today, as well as satisfied with the quality of their purchase. I regard them as the only cases of this kind a jeweler should sell who desires to give his customers the worth of their money or values his reputation. W. M. HARRIS, Jeweler, 2nd Street and Keynote Watch Case Factory, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how *James Bosse's* and *Keynote* Watch Cases are made. (To be Continued.)

THE Admiration OF THE WORLD. Mrs. S. A. Allen's WORLD'S Hair Restorer IS PERFECTION!

Public Benefactress. Mrs. S. A. ALLEN has justly earned this title, and thousands are this day enjoying over a fine head of hair produced by her unequalled preparation for restoring, invigorating, and beautifying the Hair. Her World's Hair Restorer quickly cleanses the scalp, removes dandruff, and arrests the fall; the hair, if gray, is changed to its natural color, giving it the same vitality and luxuriant quantity as in youth.

COMPLIMENTARY. "My hair is now restored to its youthful color; I have not a gray hair left. I am satisfied that the preparation is not a dye, but acts on the secretions. My hair ceases to fall, which is certainly an advantage to me, who was in danger of becoming bald." This is the testimony of all who use Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER.

"One Bottle did it." That is the true story of many who have had their gray hair restored to its natural color, and their bald spot covered with hair, after using one bottle of Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. It is not a dye.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEVER is a scientific combination of some of the most powerful restorative agents in the vegetable kingdom. It restores gray hair to its original color. It makes the scalp white and clean. It cures dandruff and humors, and falling-out of the hair. It furnishes the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported. It is unsurpassed as a hair dressing. It is the most economical preparation ever offered to the public, as its effects remain a long time, making only an occasional application necessary. It is recommended and used by eminent medical men, and officially endorsed by the State Assayer of Massachusetts. The popularity of Hall's Hair Renever has increased with the test of many years, both in this country and in foreign lands, and it is now known and used in all the civilized countries of the world. For sale by all dealers.

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Makes Practical Arithmetic easy for all. Simplifies the art of computation, and enables every Farmer and Tradesman to make correct and instantaneous calculations in all their business transactions. It is worth its weight in gold to every one quick in figures. It is neatly printed, elegantly bound, accompanied by a RECKONER DIARY, SILICATE STATE, PERPETUAL CALENDAR and VALUABLE POCKET BOOK. Morocco, \$1. Sent postpaid on receipt of price. Agents wanted. Send address. FRED L. HUNTINGTON, Malone, New York.

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